

LITERATURE AT LONDON.

From Our Own Correspondent. LONDON, Thursday, Nov. 2, 1854.

It is rumored that the Laureate is to sing the praise of English valor in an ode on the battle of Alma. England wants a poet who shall attend her in the great struggle that she has just entered upon.

David Brewster's "Memoirs of the Life, Writings and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton," is forthcoming at last. I suppose it has been delayed in consequence of his controversy with Whewell, styled "Philosophy," on the Plurality of Worlds.

Alexander Smith is getting on in the world. The other day, the Queen of England requested that he might be appointed assistant to the Astronomer Royal.

The Memoirs and Letters of the Rev. Sydney Smith are ready for the press. They have been edited by his daughter, with the assistance of Mrs. Austin.

It is a long time since I proposed that, instead of offering a prize of so many pounds for an essay, poem, or what not, the more sensible plan would be to offer the same amount to any person who could be proved to have religiously abstained from writing at all.

His lordship has recently granted to Mrs. Fullerton, the widow of a Scottish judge, the sum of £200, which is one-sixth of the whole literary allowance. Now, this lady is in receipt of an income of £300 per annum, and she has never written a line in her life.

You are aware that, without setting up for a poet, I can turn a rhyme, and sometimes amuse myself with a little harmless versifying. It's very seldom though, and being modest, I am diffident about venturing into print.

TO PROFESSOR AYTON. Ayton, thy parody recalls to mind An earlier imitation of the kind. Once Orpheus, dancing to the lyre he played, Bewitched an ass to foot it on the ground.

I have had my doubts about giving you the following note, seeing that the illustrations are taken from the same animal. But take it as a warning to shallow critics who set up for heads of all creation:

TO A CRITIC. Foot, cried, as from pleasant trance, Bewitched an ass to foot it on the ground. As in old days—Divergence May seem to burst upon an Ass.

I am glad to see that the German poet Meritz Hartman is not in the hands of the Austrians, as was conjectured. It was feared that the had had hands on him in Bucharest, but it appears that he has been ill in a hospital at Constantinople.

LIBERIA AS IT IS.....III.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune. MONROVIA, Tuesday, June 27, 1854.

In a residence of six months in Liberia, I have met with nothing so "passing strange" as the fact that no one has made known to the American public the sufferings of Southern emigrants after their arrival here, the paucity of physicians, and in some instances their shameful neglect of duty.

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ishing regimen which our money could not buy. The Banchee, with two hundred and seventy-three emigrants arrived the same day we did, and the agent, Mr. Dennis, according to instructions from Washington, sent about two hundred of them up the St. Paul's river, crowding as many as possible into the United States' Receptacle, and scattering the rest along the banks of the river, into such huts as could be procured.

No class of men are more needed in this country than thoroughly educated and skilful physicians. I never have heard of a country in which life is so cheap. But here again is the one-man power. The Society employ regularly but one physician—Dr. Roberts—whose estimate of poor emigrants is very small.

FROM WASHINGTON. Correspondence of The North American and U. S. Gazette. WASHINGTON, Nov. 19, 1854. Up to yesterday morning the Secretary of State had received no letters from Mr. Mason furnishing an explicit account of the mode in which the interdict against Mr. Soule had been removed.

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rising to the head, and leading the van, of the medical fraternity in this country. I have no personal quarrel with, nor enmity against the Doctor. But individuals have complained of this and other wrongs to the agents of the American Colonization Society in vain.

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ANTI-SLAVERY LITERATURE. IDA MAY: A STORY OF THINGS ACTUAL AND POSSIBLE. BY MARY LANGDON. 12mo. pp. 478. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. New-York: J. B. Derby.

The authorship of this powerful story has been ascribed by some highly intelligent critics to Mrs. Beecher Stowe. The presumption of such an origin is, certainly, a distinguished compliment.

But we differ entirely from the judgments alluded to in regard to the author of Ida May. It bears few traces of the pen of Mrs. Stowe. Indeed, apart from its subject, we find no feature in its composition that reminds us strongly of that vigorous and racy writer.

The evil effects of slavery are treated of rather incidentally than directly, and always without bitterness. We do not know why the book should not be read with satisfaction to the South, as a forcible representation of local customs and scenery.

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"I'll do me. Don't I member when do white man flog my darkey, my little girl, detested her, cause she was sold off from me, and they whipped me both till the blood ran down, and make her let go my gown?—O, do let me do it, now—do! You don't know the good I do me, just to think of it!"

"Take it, then; but mind yourself what you do," said Bill, throwing down the rod and releasing his hold of the child.

"O, don't whip me, don't!" cried Ida. "I'll be good, I won't cry. O, don't whip me!" "I want you to cry, I like to hear you, it's moaning," said the hag, pausing with the rod uplifted, to enjoy her agony of terror.

The curtain rises. Eight years have past. It is Christmas eve at Wynn Hall. The night is dark, and the flood of light, that streams from every window of the mansion, falls in long gleams through the misty atmosphere far in among the stately pines that have kept solemn watch as if over so many succeeding periods of Christmas.

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